

Miscellaneous

We learn from the Louisville Journal, that a Bill to suppress the sale and use of Bowie and Arkansas knives, passed the Tennessee Legislature on the 20th ult. Year 17 Nays 8. "Spanish Silletos" were stricken out.

A Bill for the same purpose, prescribing severe penalties, has passed both Houses of the Legislature of Alabama.

FIRE AT JACKSONVILLE.—Destruction of the Military Hospital.—On Sunday, the 17th ult., the public hospital at Jacksonville, in charge of Dr. Andrew Welsh, Post Surgeon, was destroyed by fire. So rapid in its progress was the devouring element, that in half an hour from the commencement of the conflagration, scarcely a vestige remained.

It is supposed that the stove pipe ignited some of the wood work through which it passed. A similar accident took place in the Block House last year, but by timely assistance and a good supply of water, that establishment was saved.

MURDER.—The feelings of our community, (says the Fayetteville Journal,) have again been outraged by the perpetration of a deed of blood. A man by the name of Madison Allen was mortally wounded in this place on Friday night last. The wound was inflicted by a knife, and terminated fatally in twenty minutes after its infliction.

Clerical Wit.—Atterbury, opposing a bill in the House of Peers, said that "he prophesied, last winter, that this bill would be attempted in the present sessions, and he was very sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet."

A lodger in a Hotel, after washing himself in the morning, wiped his face with a newspaper, and sat down to peruse a papkin; he did not discover his error until he attempted to tear off a corner wherewith to light a cigar.

MATRIMONY.—Matrimony is like masonry—no one knows the secret until he is initiated. It is like an eel-trap—very easy to get in, but plaguy hard to get out.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—We copy the following notice from the Indiana American, as a specimen of how they do things in Hoosierland.—[Cincin. Whig.]

Married on the 5th of October, by Daniel Wilson, Esq. Mr Timothy Green, to Mrs. Julia Jacobs, all of Whitewater township, Franklin county.

From the justice who officiated at the above wedding we learn the following rather extraordinary particulars. The above named Mr Green is about thirty years old, and Mrs. Julia Jacobs is his second wife. But what is more, and almost incredible, Mrs Julia Jacobs is about 50 years old, and Mr. Green is her 8th husband all of whom are living, except one!

To remove Spots of Ink from Linen.—Take a mould candle, or some pure tallow, melt it on the spotted part of linen, then put it into the wash, when it will become perfectly white.

A SMALL FAMILY.—On Wednesday night, says the New York Express, six hundred and forty-seven persons slept in the Aster House, and, by the bye, were not crowded. How many villages are there in our country that make considerable show, that do not contain more than this number.

PUGILISTIC PUNCTUATION.—A Van Buren editor in Mississippi, threatens to "put a full stop over each of the eyes of the editor of the Journal. Let him try it.—Whilset he is putting his full stops over our eyes, we will put his nose in a parenthesis.—[Prentice.]

State House Burnt.—Part of the State Library and all the Rolls and Papers in the office of the Secretary of State destroyed.—On Wednesday night last, the State House in the city of Jefferson was burnt down. The fire, as we learn from a letter written by a gentleman of that place on Thursday morning, is supposed to have been communicated by

brand from the fire in a room occupied as office of Secretary of State, (which is in the north western corner of the building on the second story,) falling down on the floor. The fire was discovered about half past nine, in the evening, but had advanced too far to be stopped. All the papers in the office of the Secretary of State were destroyed, and about half the State Library, which was kept in the adjoining room on the same floor. The Auditor of Public Accounts occupied the two rooms immediately under the Secretary's room and the Library, and we are gratified to learn that nearly all the papers in his office were saved. The burning continued until about 12 o'clock in the night, when the roof fell in and the flames subsided. We have not learned that any blame is attached to those having the custody of the Secretary's office. No one lodged in that room, and it had been closed for the night. This house was originally built for the residence of the Governor, but has been used of late for the State House. Except the loss of the papers, the other is but small, the house not being worth more than about twelve thousand dollars.—[Republican.]

THE NORTH CAROLINA EDITORS.—Hands off.—Our friend of the Newbern Spectator (always keen "rows" us up "Salt River" for "sparring" as we did with the Milton Spectator, and intimates that it is a violation of the proceedings of the late Editorial Convention; he further says that we should be "struck off the docket," unless we shall offer an acceptable apology, &c. "Strike," sir, if you choose.

We have no "apolog" for the Spectator, nor will we seek to make any,—what we said concerning the Milton Spectator, was said in defence—to show our contempt for the scurrility of the Spectator, for, be it known, he spoke of us in a very rough and unbecoming manner. We are sorry, however, that we did not treat the article with silence, as we had intended.

Our remarks alluded to were in type two days prior to our receiving the proceedings of the Convention, which proceedings, according to the seventh resolution, do not go into effect before the 1st of January, 1838. Open your eyes gentlemen of the "Spectator," and look at it! But we would have the editor of the Newbern Spectator to know that we are not lovers of scurrility. And if we have at any time given it vent, it was extorted from us.

As the Newbern Spectator has "rowed us up the river," will he be so compassionate as to "row us down?"—Ed. Tel. The Carolina Patriot, (late the Telescope) softens our anger by its contrite spirit and excellent temper. We will "row it down again," or "perish in the attempt!" But remember, Mr Patriot, that we consider "the scurrility of the Milton Spectator" as no apology whatever for a dereliction of editorial decorum, and that we undertake to "row you down" merely out of compassion, superinduced by your evidently repentant disposition, and on the assumed certainty that you will "sin no more." We shall say nothing of the poor, subterfuge in allusion to the licentious liberties which Editors may take with impunity "till the 1st of January, 1838," least some wag, whose sense of propriety teaches the necessity of being always correct and gentleman like, should "row the Telescope (Patriot) "up" again.—Spectator.

A gross outrage against public decency was perpetrated at the City of Washington, on the arrival of the news of the federal triumph in New York. A large party, about midnight, set up a riot opposite the Post Master General's dwelling, with drums, fire-pokers, rattles, tin-pans, catcalls, horns, tongs, shovels, and other similar instruments, uttering groans, and giving other significations of mockery and insult. Besides this, a swivel, which was carried on wheels, was fired three times. The dwellings of Mr. Woodbury and Mr. E. P. Blair, were also disturbed in the same manner; after which the party went to the house of Mr. Forsyth, a mile and a half, (says the Globe) from the place they commenced their career, to break his windows with a cannonade. It was with difficulty that the Mayor could prevail upon these midnight ruffians to refrain from subjecting the President himself to the same sort of insult and outrage.

These outrages indicate the approach of the "reign of terror." It is in the "blue light," and "black cockade" federal spirit, and wants nothing but the power, to trample the democracy of the Union in the dust. We have seen but little in the whig press in relation to this embroy assassination—this incipient murder. One attempts to excuse it, and another condemns it, chiefly on account of the injury it may inflict on the federal party, and not on account of the insult offered to the American People, through their elected agents.

TEXAN ELOQUENCE.—The way some of the speechifiers in Texas use the English language is curious. Just read the winding up of a recruiting sergeant's harangue to his neighbors in an endeavor to enlist them against the Mexicans. After having launched out against the religion of the common enemy, in none of the mildest terms, our hero winds up with, "Corn-crackers, Housers, Pokes, Wolverines, and Suckers, if the voice of piety cannot move you to exterminate those cursed, cruel, Catholic yallar skinned, d—d illiterate Mexicans aforesaid, if the sacred voice of Texan liberty strikes no smpa-

these sherd in your bosom, if the cries of bleeding humanity cannot draw you to deliver the freedom of Texas from the unparalleled, unprecedented oppression of hard work, why, you are not the man I take you for, that's all. But as I see the fire of patriotism gleam in your eyes, I see you rise indignantly on your feet to resist interference of property, even to the blood of the cursed yallar skinned Mexican emancipators, I see the breath of Texan freedom animate you. Come then and rally round the standard of an insulated country, and fists clenched, and teeth set, swear to fight knee deep in blood for that constitution which was founded on the bones of your martyred countrymen, and cemented with the blood of expiring saints and heroes. "Let's liquor."

Poetry.

A WINTER MORNING ODE.

Respectfully inscribed to the author of the "Rights of Woman." When breakfast bells peal out at seven, And sleepy clerks from bed are driven, To re-commence their cares,— When chamber maids in slipshod bustle, Their mops and brooms begin to rustle, On all the painted stairs,— How sweet to lock your chamber door, And snug in blankets calmly snore, On a cold winter's morning.

You hear a female voice, perhaps,— And sundry inauspicious raps Breaks in upon your dreams,— That rises high, and shriller grows, These comes to horrid kicks and blows, "Like mad" the woman seems! But oh! how safely you are hid, Your drooping eye ne'er lifts its lid, Nor hears the lady's warning.

Visions of smoking hot beefsteaks, And reeking piles of buckwheat cakes, May tempt you oft to rise,— And so you gently lift the clothes,— The air pops in and wrings your nose, And off the tempter flies,— For breakfast you had rather loose, Than one more fine refreshing snooze, While Sol the earth is warming.

And then, there's little Jane, below, Who on the pantry shelf will stow A plate of something nice, A herring broiled—some buttered toast— Of venison saved from last night's roast, A most delicious slice,— Oh! then sleep on, and bravely brook The angry tongue of Mrs. Cook, And Madame Blowhard's storming!

J. T. F.

DEAR RICE.—A young lady named FRANCIS RICE, recovered in the Supreme Court at Worcester, Mass., on Monday last week, a verdict of \$1900 and costs, against a Mr. Willard, a trader at Leicester, for a breach of promise of marriage.

A few pounds of RICE, Not overly nice, To a very dear market was brought; For never did rice Command such a price, Though ever so eagerly sought.

But what most entire Was hard on the buyer, And such as few pleasant would call; Though he paid such a price For the few pounds of RICE, He got not a grain after all!

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENTS.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENTS.—A letter to the President of the Charleston and Hamburg Rail Road Company, dated Aiken, 17th inst., gives the distressing intelligence of the death of a very worthy young gentleman, Mr. Paul Allison, employed as Engineer, of the locomotive Washington. It appears that the Washington started from Hamburg on Saturday afternoon last, with a train of freight cars, and got as far as Horac Creek, about four miles from Hamburg, when, in consequence of some derangement having been caused in the rails, in embanking the road, the Locomotive was thrown off. Mr. Allison unfortunately fell under her, and was instantly killed. One of the firemen was also somewhat injured, but his wounds are not at all dangerous. It is not known whether the Engine sustained any material damage. The wreck was immediately cleared off, the road properly repaired, and is again perfectly safe for travel.—Char. Cour.

We briefly noticed in our last another serious accident which occurred on Sunday last, on the Portsmouth and Roanoke Rail Road, and have since been enabled to state the following particulars.—The train was on its way down to Portsmouth with three passenger cars, in which were 25 or 30 persons, and 9 lumber cars laden with cotton. It had passed the Rochelle depot about a mile and a half, when a whell of the Engine struck against the end of one of the iron rails, which being loose, had sprung up to an elevation of ten or twelve inches.—The engine was instantly thrown from the track, the water tender upset, and the three passenger cars, successively precipitated with fearful velocity upon it, were crushed to pieces in one common mass of ruins! while the passengers were either thrown with violence from them, or mangled with their fragments in the dreadful crash. The scene as described to us was distressing in the extreme. The few who were unhurt immediately set about extricating their unfortunate companions from the pile of broken cars, in which work of mercy they were engaged for nearly an hour before the last victim was rescued—

17 were wounded.—We learn, so shocking mangled, they cannot survive, and to whom if it were possible to preserve it, life would be worse than death. We have not heard all their names, those reported to us were, Capt. Bryant, Mrs. Nath'l Rochelle, Miss Blow and Miss Sarah King, or Keen, (these were the worst burnt) Col. Rochelle, Mr. Owens, Miss Simmons, all of Southampton; Mr. Crocker, of Jackson, N. C.; Mr. Noe, of Norfolk; Mr. Miles Lawrence, of Isle of Wight; Mr. Nelson Hodges, of Weldon, N. C.; Mr. Hall, of Baltimore; Mr. Blocker, and Mr. Blow, the train agent.

The first car was occupied by colored persons, in which were two of Col Preston's servants; both of whom were injured, one of them seriously, though not dangerously. The second car, in which were Col. Preston and his lady, was lifted aloft by the third and thrown forward, by which singular movement, its inmates were preserved from any other injury than a few slight contusions, while those in the first and third cars only suffered.

For the information of their friends, we add, that among those who escaped unhurt, besides Col. Preston and lady, were Col. Downing, Mr. Dunham, of Florida, Mrs. and Miss Peele, Mrs. Stewart, 4 children and servant, and Mr. Banks, of Augusta, Ga. The latter gentleman had his seat on the engine, by the side of the engineer, at the time of the concussion; he remarked the inequality in the road; but before the danger could be identified, it was too late to avert the catastrophe, and he had barely time to leap from his seat into the road, when the crash came.

After they were extracted from the mass of timber and iron, the wounded were conveyed to Rochelle's where every attention was paid to their sufferings. Since writing the foregoing we learn by the return of the cars on Monday evening, that Mrs. Rochelle and Miss Blow have died of their wounds; and we have seen a letter which states that Capt. Bryant is also dead.—Patriot.

The young Queen of England is the "observed of all observers." It is said that a very extraordinary and romantic affair has been discovered in relation to her, which greatly scandalises the old sticklers for etiquette, but excites the warmest enthusiasm of all the young and ardent spirits of Europe.

During the reign of her predecessor, William IV, it was discovered that the then lovely princess, had formed a very strong attachment to a young nobleman, a branch of an old Anglo-Norman family. On this discovery a great sensation took place in the court circle. The young nobleman was immediately appointed to a high situation in the government of Hindostan. The sweet young princess was inconsolable, but said to those who interfered with her feelings, "I'll bide my time." She has done so. The first thing she did after her accession to the throne, was to send out one of her ships of war, with imperative orders for the young nobleman to return. At first the motive of this caprice was not exactly known. It soon leaked out by means of a confidante. The vessel with the Queen's favorite is now on her return to Europe, and the secret court circles in England are thrown into the highest state of excitement and consternation at the imperious violation of the young Queen. By law, she is prohibited from marrying a subject, even of the highest rank, but the youthful sovereign says that her heroic predecessor, Elizabeth, is her pattern, and if the law prohibits her from enjoying the same liberty which is allowed to every subject, let the law be changed.

Such is the state of things at the last accounts. This curious piece of court gossip comes to us through a private letter from Paris, Dated on the 31st October.—N. Y. Herald.

TALKING THINGS COOLY.

You're an infernal scoundrel! said a fierce looking gentleman the other day coming in great wrath to a yankee, who was standing quietly on the side-walk—"you're an infernal scoundrel, sir!" "That's news to me," returned the yankee, quietly.

"News! you scoundrel, do you call it news?" "Entirely so." "You needn't think to carry it off so quietly.—I say you're an infernal scoundrel and I'll prove it."

"I beg you will not I shouldn't like to be proved a scoundrel." "No, I dare swear you would'nt. But answer me directly—did you not say, in the presence of several ladies of my acquaintance, that I was a mere—"

"Calf! Oh, no sir; the truth is not to be spoken at all times." "The truth! Do you presume to call me a calf sir?"

"Oh, no, sir, I call you—nothing." "It's well you do; for if you had presumed to call me—"

"A man—I should have been grossly mistaken." "Do you mean to say that I am not a man sir?"

"That depends on circumstances." "What circumstances?" "If I should be called on as evidence in a court of justice, I should be bound to speak." "And you would say I was not a man, hey? Do you see this cow-skin?" "Yes—and I've seen it with surprise ever since you came up." "With surprise! Why, did you suppose I was such a coward, that I dare not

use the article, when I thought it was demanded!"

"Shall I tell you what I thought?" "Do, if you dare."

"I thought to myself, what use has a calf for a cow's skin?" "You distinctly call me a calf then?" "If you will insist upon it you may."

"You hear gentlemen," speaking to the bystanders, "you hear the insult.—What shall I do with the scoundrel?" "Dress him!" exclaimed twenty voices, with shouts of laughter.

"That I'll do at once." Then turning to the Yankee, he cried out fiercely, come one step this way you rascal, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life.

"I've no occasion." "You're a coward!" "Not on your word."

"I'll prove it, by flogging you out of your skin!" "I doubt it." "Fam a liar, then, am I?" "Just as you please."

"Do you hear that, gentlemen?" "Ay!" was the unanimous response; "you can't avoid dressing him now." "Oh! heavens grant me patience, I shall fly out of my skin."

"It will be so much the better for your pocket—Calf skins are in good demand." "I shall burst."

"Not here in the street; I beg of you. It would be quite disgusting." "Gentlemen, can I any longer avoid flogging him?"

"Not if you're able," was the reply. "At him! at him!"

Thus provoked—thus stirred up and encouraged, the fierce gentleman went like lightning at the yankee; but before he could strike a blow, he found himself disarmed of his cowskin, and laying on his back under the spout of a neighboring pump, whither the yankee had carried him to cool his rage, and before he could recover from his astonishment, at such unexpected handling, he was as wet as a thrice drowned rat from the cataracts of water which his grave antagonist had liberally pumped upon him.

His courage by this time had, like that of the valiant Bob Acres, oozed at the palms of his hands. And he declared, as he rose and went dripping away from the pump, that he would never trust to quiet appearances again, and the devil might undertake to cowskin a cool yankee for all him.—N. Y. Trans.

UPPER CANADA.

Rising of the people, and attack on Toronto confirmed.

LEWISTON, (Niagara Co.) Dec. 6, } 11 o'clock at night. }

Dear sir—Presuming you will be desirous of obtaining the latest information in relation to the revolutionary movements in Upper Canada, I have forwarded by this day's mail, a slip from the office of the Telegraph, printed in this village, which contains all that is yet known here on the subject.

The Canadian population appear to be in a very high state of excitement, and a secret organization, for the purpose of effecting a revolution, seems to have been going on in every part of the province, totally unknown to the government.

Many individuals of the highest standing are engaged in this revolutionary movement, and there is little doubt of its extending, in a very short period throughout the whole extent of the upper province. The government is entirely destitute of regular troops, and have to rely on the loyal inhabitants for aid, and they form a very small part of the population. I presume they will not be able long to contend against a people who are determined to be free.

CONFIRMATION OF THE ABOVE. Telegraph and Advocate Extra. } LEWISTON, N. Y. Dec. 6. }

Attack on the City of Toronto.—We have received the following communication from a source entitled to the utmost confidence.

4 o'clock, P. M. Sir.—The steamboat Traveller, Capt. Whitney, arrived at Niagara this morning at 7 o'clock, from Toronto, which place he left four hours before. The boat with a deputain, was despatched by the Governor for volunteers from this District, to the immediate aid of the Government, and to return forthwith. The Reformers of the Home District, it is said, reached Toronto the night before last, in great numbers, (3000,) when volunteers in behalf of the government, were called to oppose their coming into the city, when a running fire took place. Col. Mondie, late of the 104th was shot dead, and others, besides a number of prisoners were taken, among whom are Archibald McDonald, (Sheriff Gore District) and Col. Wells. (Sheriff Jarvis' house and others, were fired and burnt. The Governor and his Council are in the Market Square.—James Brown and 300 volunteers are in the fort. Mr. Speaker McNabb, with 80 volunteers, reached the City yesterday. Col. W. Chisholm is expected to day from Oakville, with the volunteers he can get in aid of the government, and from Whiby a few yeomanry cavalry is looked for.

The Reformers have as their counsel Dr. John Rolph, and others of high standing. Three flags of truce were sent yesterday, to the Government, with the following terms:

- 1st. To dissolve the present Parliament.
- 2d. Grant an Elcctive Legislative Council.